

Clay Pigeons

Struggle Jennings

I'd rather ride with the killers
Than to die with the faint
Go hard for my people
Never bow behind gates
Live Free in the Wind
Not to die in restraints
Rather laugh with the "sinners"
Than to cry with the "saints"

The Devil laughed
While Jesus wept
I ran the streets
While momma slept
Secret kept
Kept me outta jail
Granny prayed
Keep me outta hell
Never bailed
Till I made bond
I can't stay home
I gotta stay gone
James Bond with a bad bitch
And a Chevy truck black as Akon
Gassed up
But no brakes on
Blazed a trail like napalm
Stay calm
We ain't the type of people
You can break on
Straight-up, any disrespect
I hit 'em with the straight-arm
Game on
Coloring your shirt red crayon
Can't escape, so I'm the GOAT
You gotta put the blame on
Keep your cape on
And save yourself
From devastation
Ridin' with them shooters
That'll shoot, no hesitation
Put it on the line
That's a bet
That you can bank on

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Lord, forgive me if they kill me
And I don't make it home
Old lady gonna be pissed
If that dinner get cold
Bet I make it out alive
Only know how to survive
How you gon' kill a man
Bust his ass to provide?
You gon' die
Ain't no lie
It don't matter who's askin'
You and your guys
Lookin' like target practice
Smoke 'em like ashes
Put 'em on a shirt
Wear 'em like fashion
Throw 'em in a hearse
Rappers, all you do is stay bitchin'
Blast them rocks
Shoot 'em like clay pigeons
Crashin', haulin' ass
Like my brakes missin'
This shit in my lap
Make your whole face different
Talkin' bout that all-black Mac
One phone call, dudes show up
In all-black masks
This ain't just a rap
That's a fact motherfucker
And it don't matter if you're white
Or you're black motherfucker

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